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Fox Tales

by 途途tutu

http://www.u17.com/comic/25618.html

PLEASE READ FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

Meng Po's mushroom

*Note: Meng Po (孟婆) is a Goddess in Chinese mythology who resides in the realm of the dead. Her task is to ensure that souls who are ready to be reincarnated do not remember their previous life or their time in hell. Thus she serves them a brew made from various herbs to make them forget all their memories and experience

Legend says that there is a mystical mushroom in the sea of trees that only a sapient fox can find. Eating this mushroom will make one forget all the things that he cared about, and so it is called Meng Po's mushroom.

VERY GOOD
MANY THANKS TO YOU AGAIN TODAY.
PET
He is called Qiao. He usually wears a green shirt, and is gentle and warm.
He is a Pine man, like the green bamboo among the mountains.
He has lived with his wife in this mountain-forest home for a long time.

He says that if it is eaten for one-hundred days,
Every day I find Meng Po's mushroom for him.
one will completely forget all love and hate from before.
Thus, Qiao feeds soup made from Meng Po's mushroom to his wife every day.
HERE, DRINK THIS, DEAR.
IT'S BITTER!

It will be one-hundred days soon, and I suspect that Qiao will cast aside his wife and travel far away, or he may already have a new love
I WILL PERSEVERE,
AND VERY SOON THE ONE-HUNDRED DAYS WILL BE COMPLETE.
I DON'T KNOW IF THERE WILL BE ENOUGH TIME
SCRATCH SCRATCH

AH! I ALMOST FORGOT,
THERE IS ALSO THIS LITTLE FELLOW.
His hands are warm...
LOOK AT THAT STARRY SKY!
IN THE WORLD, ONLY MAN IS SO SELF-AGGRANDIZING.
BUT IF YOU JUST LOOK UP AT THIS VAST UNIVERSE
YOU REALIZE THAT MAN IS JUST A DROP IN THE OCEAN

I snuggled into his chest, listening to his mumblings.....
as if only the two of us were left in the world.
Day after day
I found the mushroom
and Qiao made it into soup
But where would Qiao go after the one-hundred days were done?

Without my noticing, today is the one-hundredth day.
After today, Qiao's wife will no longer remember him!
COUGH! COUGH COUGH!
DEAR, DEAR.
I'M SORRY.

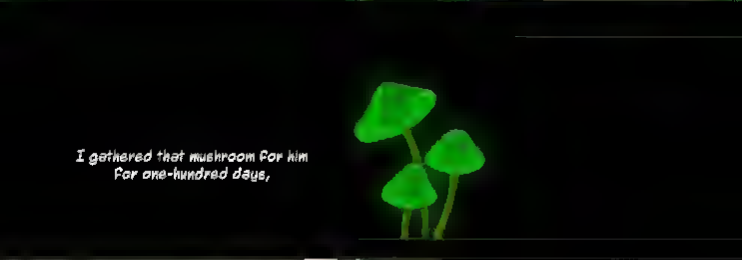
I'M SORRY, MY ILLUSSS CANNOT BE ENCURED ANY LONGER.
THE BEST I CAN DO IS LET YOU FORGET ME, FORGET OUR MEMORY.
I'M SORRY, DEAR.
YOU WON'T REMEMBER ME AFTER YOU WAKE UP TODAY
AND I WILL LEAVE, AND WILL DISAPPEAR FROM YOUR WORLD

COUGH
COUGH!
COUGH
COUGH!
I hope that after I die,
I will become a mountain breeze,
and will meet you again.

DRIP
WHO IS IT?
Rain?
Tears?
HE IS REALLY GOING TO DIE!

PRINCE' QIAO.
*Note: See chapter 2 bar note on "prince"
IT'S ME.
AH,
SO IT'S YOU, LITTLE FELLOW.
IT'S ME...

I buried Qiao,
and soon after, Meng Po's mushroom appeared on his grave.


I gathered that mushroom for him
for one-hundred days,

but I don't actually know what it tastes like.
MENG PO'S MUSHROOM
- END -